

The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY
THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—James Freeman Clarke.

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No 12

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 12.

NEW EVERY MORNING	137
MY FATHER'S BUSINESS	137
THE STILL HOUR	139
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB	139
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL	143
NATURAL HISTORY: ALGÆ	144
SOCIAL LIFE IN PERSIA, II.	145
AMUSEMENT COLUMN	147

NEW EVERY MORNING.

Every day is a fresh beginning,

Every morn is the world made new.

You who are weary of sorrow and sinning,

Here is a beautiful hope for you,—

A hope for me and a hope for you.

All the past things are past and over,

The tasks are done and tears are shed.

Yesterday's errors let yesterday cover;

Yesterday's wounds, which smarted and bled,

Are healed with the healing which night has shed.

Yesterday now is a part of forever,

Bound up in a sheaf, which God holds tight,

With glad days and sad days and bad days
which never

Shall visit us more with their bloom and their
blight,

Their fulness of sunshine or sorrowful night.

Let them go, since we cannot relieve them,

Cannot undo and cannot atone;

God in his mercy receive, forgive them!

Only the new days are our own.

To-day is ours, and to day alone.

Here are the skies all burnished brightly,

Here is the spent earth all reborn,

Here are the tired limbs springing lightly

To face the sun and to share with the morn

In the chrisom of dew and the cool of dawn.

Every day is a fresh beginning:

Listen, my soul, to the glad refrain,

And spite of old sorrow and older sinning,

And puzzles forecasted, and possible pain,

Take heart with the day, and begin again.

—Susan Coolidge.

MY FATHER'S BUSINESS.

"I must be about my Father's business."—LUKE
II. 49.

Suppose one read the four Gospels for the first time at that magic period when a girl becomes a woman or a boy becomes a man. What would be the first, leading impression?

So intense, indeed, is the impression wrought, when, by good fortune, we can so get away from the intellectual formulas which generally surround the New Testament that the whole story does stand out as if we had never heard of it before. Some of you will remember the afternoon when a lady gave an account of the Passion Play in our church, some ten years ago. We were not quite prepared for her address, so that the gas was not lighted, nor, indeed, was the gas turned on. By the time her narrative approached the close, the church was so dark that you could scarcely make out the speaker, and the people who were listening could not even see each other. This darkness somewhat relieved reserve and timidity; and, as she went on with her narrative of what she had seen at Ober-Ammergau, it was as if she had stood by at Calvary and were telling us of it afterward. People were sobbing aloud without knowing that they were, or without caring. The tragedy came to them with a new reality, simply because the story was repeated with unexpected circumstance.

I am afraid that in point of fact nineteen preachers out of twenty, in trying to illustrate the Gospels, occupy themselves with discussions as to what the Saviour

said, what he taught. We call him rightly the Great Teacher; we call him the Great Prophet. The word "gospel" itself means a good story, a good tale; and it suggests words and doctrine. All the same is it true that my imagined reader, who had never heard such preachers and who took the book without knowing that he was taking it for doctrine, would interest himself first of all in what Jesus Christ did. What was he for? The answer would come in the same way in which it came to Simon Peter or to the young man who had great possessions.

He says: "If you want to live as I live, you will find this real estate of yours an encumbrance. A man who has charge of a large property always finds that property an encumbrance." He advises him to be rid of that property, to sell it off and use it for charitable purposes. And, then, the practical statement he makes is: "Come and follow me. See how I occupy myself. Do the same thing."

Matthew, the Roman officer, was intensely interested in what he saw and heard from the Saviour; and the Saviour said to him: "Follow me! Do as I do!" It may be wrong to reason from epigrammatic expressions like these; but it is certainly a very interesting thing that, the moment any person shows an interest in Christ's affair, he is set to work. He tells him that God is here and is at hand. Then for him and them there is the same ideal: "My Father worketh hitherto, and I work." "Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields: they are white already to harvest." And the consequence, natural enough, of such a life, such an example, is that after his death, when they find themselves addressing different sorts of people, you find Peter, for instance, describing the Saviour of mankind as "a man who went about doing good."

And no person, indeed, can read the four Gospels with any effort to enter into their spirit, but sees that such is the characteristic of Jesus Christ which impressed itself most upon the people around him and upon the men who described him. They write down his injunctions, they describe his miracles. In the one case and the other they are impressed by the quality of his work, that "he went about doing good." Indeed, the great crisis of the whole story, which

has a supreme interest which words have failed to express so far, depends upon this same great habit or attribute. There were a thousand ways in which Jesus could have escaped from Herod, in which he could have escaped from Pontius Pilate. The world was open to him: he could carry on this wonderful life here or there or elsewhere. No, it was his duty to mankind to give up that life. "Father, not my will, but thine, be done." His career of going about doing good ends when he goes to Jerusalem to die for the human race. Jesus Christ himself, be it observed, distinctly told the twelve that they were not to be called masters, that they were not to be called rabbis or teachers. He told them that they were to follow him, that they were to "go about doing good." Paul puts it perfectly when he says that, if we bear one another's burdens, we fulfil or complete the whole law of Christ. The Saviour himself puts it absolutely when he says that the whole thing is comprised in our loving God and loving man.

Observe what he says himself of himself. "If any man will not hear my words, I judge him not." But let any man see the things I do, they testify of me. "And many shall say to me, Lord, Lord, have we not testified in thy name? And I shall say, I never knew you." But those whom he does recognize, and does receive, for whom the kingdom is prepared, are those who fed the hungry and clothed the naked and visited the prisons.

For you and me, we are to try to remember that, first, last, and always, religion means nearness to God and the goodness which follows. It does not mean knowledge nor wisdom nor any intellectual process quick, deep, or strong. "This is what the Lord thy God requires of thee: to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God." Of his Son, the Lord of mankind, the elder brother of our inheritance, we are to remember that he went about doing good.

One use at least of the visible symbol of the Last Supper is that we may come back to simple notions of what we mean when we speak the words "Christianity" and "Religion." For thirty years after he died — not more, alas! — the apostles called it *The Way*. It was *The Way* to live. They did not talk of the doctrine. They talked of following.

They believed in living. They fed the hungry. They clothed the naked. They mended their clothes when they were ragged. If a man were houseless, they gave him a home. If a man were desperate, they brought him closer to God. To all men they showed the glad tidings of God at hand and of heaven here. And to quicken those to whom they spoke, and to give reality to what they said, they told the stories of him whose highest title was that he went about doing good. Indeed, this was what made it certain that he was the Son of God, well beloved. And he,—willing to be despised, willing to be rejected by those who knew him not,—he was eager to be thus remembered by those who knew him.

Here is the central wish, in the words of this table :—

Do this in memory of me.

Who gives a cup of cold water in the name of a disciple does not lose his reward.

Thus shall men know that you are my disciples, if ye have love one for another.

—Edward Everett Hale.

THE STILL HOUR.

I do not see thee, God!

A soul made plaint:

Oh for an angel hand to tear the veil apart!

Hide not from me thy face—I strive, I faint!

The silence whispered,

“Art thou pure in heart?”

There is always a presumption that a pure-hearted will be a right-minded man; and it is delightful to see such a one stand up before the ambitious sophist, and dart on his ingenuities a clear ray of conscience that scatters them like mist. The divine light of a good mind is too much for the mystifications of guilt.—*Martineau.*

When a man has emancipated himself from the greatest of all slavery,—the slavery of hurry, every day and every season and every year,—then he has but one more thing to learn; and that is to consecrate this beauty of the rhythm of life to the worship of God. Thus he finds happiness.—*Prof. R. G. Moulton.*

Thank God that we shall never come to any level, however high, where we can rest

in ourselves, and feel him no longer above us who is himself our heaven! We know that we shall be seeking him and finding him forever and forever, growing into his infinity as it heightens and broadens and deepens beyond us.—*Lucy Larcom.*

Waiting will not take away the chronic ail, restore nerves and bones, and remove pain; nor will it bring to the empty arms and the lacerated heart what they are always crying for. But waiting brings the beatitude of God,—quiet, peace, strength, trust, hope,—not with the old bound and jubilation, but other graces, better,—quiet, peace, strength.—*J. F. W. Ware.*

Life is not the mere living. It is worship: it is the surrender of the soul to God, and the power to see the face of God. And it is service: it is to feel that, when we die, whether praised or blamed, whether appreciated or misinterpreted, whether honored or ignored, whether wealthy or destitute, we have done something to make the world we came to better and happier.—*F. W. Farrar.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.]

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have “Gentle Measures in Training the Young,” by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like “Black Beauty,” address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Brattleboro Branch. Address Mrs. George E. Foster, 24 Canal Street, Brattleboro, Vermont :—

“Lessons on the Old Testament”; “Study of the Scriptures”; Sophocles’s “Greek Lessons”; Harkness’s “Latin Grammar”; Robinson’s “Rudiments of Arithmetic”; Tower’s “Elements of Grammar”; Smith’s “Geography”; Wells’s “Grammar”; “Scenes from Christian History”; Wentworth’s “Plane Geometry”; Davies’s Bourdon’s “Algebra”; “Bridgewater Collection of Sacred Music,” I. and II.; “Elements of Algebra”; “Common Arithmetic”; Tower’s “Gradual Reader”; Eaton’s “Arithmetic”; Tracy’s

"Arithmetic"; "Progressive Fifth Reader"; "Principles of Linear and Perspective Drawing"; Greenleaf's "Key to Common Arithmetic"; Robinson's "Elementary Algebra"; Colburn's "Arithmetic"; Smith's "Geography"; "Modern Atlas"; Cornell's "Atlas"; Cassell's "Illustrated Family Bible," 32 parts.

Mrs. Frances A. Kneeder, Rydal, Pennsylvania, offers the following books:—

"One of the Profession," White; "From out of the Past," Hoppin; Whittier's "Poems," in part only; "Lessons in Cooking," for training school; "Little Dorrit," Dickens.

The Orange Branch offer the following book. Address Miss C. Schetter, 75 Highland Avenue, Orange, New Jersey:—

"Reminiscences of William Wetmore Story," Miss M. E. Phillips.

For the following books apply to Christ Church Branch, Miss Mary L. Eddy, 27 Parkman Street, Dorchester, Mass.:—

"Questions for Bible Study," Charles F. Dole; "Scenes in the Life of Jesus," Edward A. Horton; "Early Old Testament Narratives," for intermediate classes, W. H. Lyon.

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Miss Mary A. Vinal, secretary, 20 Lowell Street, Cambridge, Mass.:—

Educational.

"Glossary of English Words," Trench; "Universal History," Weber; "Chemical Physics," Cooke; "Lessons in English," Lockwood; "Manual of Mineralogy," Dana; "Music Reader"; "Errors in the Use of English"; "Popular Lectures on Food"; Stickney's "Second Reader"; Blair's "Rhetoric"; "Lectures on Rhetoric and Oratory"; "Manual of Phonography"; "Science Primer"; "Inventional Geometry"; French Dictionary; Spanish grammars, readers, and dictionary.

Miscellaneous.

"Life of Cromwell"; "Pictures from Italy," Dickens; "Addresses," Prince Wolkonsky; "Manual of Nursing"; "China-painting"; "Twice-told Tales," Hawthorne; "Gramercy Park"; "The Jamesons"; "Face to Face"; "The Quicksands of Pactolus"; "The Lake of Wine"; "A Round Dozen";

"Miss Numé of Japan"; "At the Sign of the Silver Crescent"; "Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales"; "In King's Houses"; *Harper's*, 1900; *Century*, 1900; *Scribner's*, 1900, 1901.

The following books are offered by the Second Church Branch. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass. First requests will please contain reference.

"Legends of Province House," N. Hawthorne; "Robert Elsmere"; "Ships that pass in the Night"; "Francis Kane's Fortune"; "Concerning Isabel Carnaby"; "An Englishwoman's Love Letters"; "Old Curiosity Shop," "Dombey and Son," C. Dickens; "The Vicar of Wakefield"; Hillard's "Readers"; Appleton's "Readers"; "Household Angel in Disguise"; "Mr. Barnes of New York"; "Inez," A. J. Evans; *Our Young Folks*, 1869, 1870, 1871; *The Southern Workman*, 1900, 1901, published by Hampton Institute, Hampton, Virginia.

Miss C. E. Jenks, Bedford, Mass., offers: *Farm and Home*, 1901; *Farm Journal*, 1901; *Outlook*, May to November, 1899, January and February, 1902; *Youth's Companion*, 1899, 48 copies; *New England Homestead*, 1900, January to September, 1900, May to December, 1897, 1899; *New England Farmer*, 1863, 1867; *Photographic Era* (the), 1900; *Peace Maker and Court of Arbitration*, 1902, 14 copies; *Literary Digest*, January to October, 1897, November and December, 1896; *Literature*, April to November, 1899; *Harper's Weekly*, 1894; *Great Round World*, January to September, 1900; the *Forester*, current numbers.

The following magazines are offered by the Cincinnati Branch. Address Miss Winifred Evans, 277 Southern Avenue, Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio.

The Photo American, 1899, complete; 1900, ten months, October and November missing; 1901, eleven months, March missing; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1900, complete; 1901, complete; *Scribner's*, nine months, October, November, and December missing.

The Brighton Branch offer the following:

Magazines.

Harper's, 1884-85; *Century*, 1892; *Scribner's*, 1889; *Atlantic Monthly*, 1885-88; *Pop-*

ular Science Monthly, 1889; *Ladies' Home Journal*, 1901; numbers of *Outlook*, 1900-01.

Books.

"Middlemarch," George Eliot; "Miss Lou," E. P. Roe; "Black Beauty," A. Sewell. Address Miss Carrie L. Murdock, corner Washington and Allston Streets, Brighton, Mass.

REQUESTS.

[Read direction at beginning of Book Club before writing.]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.) 6. Do not send matter for the Book Club to Miss Clarke, but to Mrs. Nichols, the Book Club secretary.

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

I would be very much pleased to have a dictionary and any good reading that would help me in my Sunday-school lessons. I am one of the teachers, and feel that I need all the help I can get, and any other reading for the children. Mary B. Johnson, Olympia, Washington.

Miss M. B. Landis, Oxford, North Carolina, would like to receive any of the following books: a "Concordance," "Life and Letters of Mrs. Prentiss," "Life and Letters of Lucy Larcom," of "Whittier" and "Hawthorne"; any books by Wm. D. Howells; the *Household* or *Ledger Monthly*.

Mrs. R. S. Humphrey, Pipestone, Minnesota, would like to receive "Mabel Vaughn."

Mrs. Addie E. Smith, who is now in Morgan City, Louisiana, hopes that reading will still be sent to her.

Mrs. George Lawrence, Nettle Ridge, Virginia, asks for a "United States History" and other reading for herself and little girl.

Mrs. Ella M. Halstead, Ainsworth, Brown County, Nebraska, has eleven children and lives five miles from town. She would like to have some of M. J. Holmes's, Charles Reade's, or Mrs. Whitney's books; also, "Lorna Doone," "Paradise Lost"; and, for her daughter, "Elsie Dinsmore" or "Little Men."

Mrs. Fannie E. Owens, Carter's Wharf, Virginia, asks for "Stepping Heavenward," "The Evening of Life," the Northfield *Echo* or some paper printed there.

I am seventeen years of age, and would like to receive some of these books: "Old Curiosity Shop" or Tennyson's and Brown-ing's works. Miss Gertie Wiggington, Shuff, Patrick County, Virginia.

Will you be so kind as to send me some reading for my invalid mother and little crippled niece? Mother does enjoy reading so much, and so does my niece. Please send us some kind of a monthly paper or magazine. Mrs. Willie M. Penick, Arlington, Tennessee.

Mrs. Mittie Preslar, Polkton, North Carolina, asks for the following books for her children: "Common School Arithmetic," "Second Arithmetic," "Harvest Grammar," and a "Physical Geography."

I would accept it as a great favor if some one would send me for my two daughters these school books: Reed and Kellogg's "Higher Lessons in English"; Reed's "Word Lessons"; Montgomery's "History of England"; Phillips and Fisher's "Plane and Solid Geometry" (abridged); Gildersleeve's "Latin Grammar"; Collar and Daniel's "First Latin Book"; a musical journal. I heartily thank the friends for their cordial manner in sending books and periodicals. Mrs. J. B. Lewis, Tom Bean, Texas.

Miss Ella Graves, Orange, Virginia, asks for "The Late Mrs. Null," by Stockton, and "The Colonel's Opera Cloak."

Miss Grace Stewart, Galt, Santa Rosa County, is anxious to read "When Knighthood was in Flower." She will return it after reading.

I wish to say a word in praise of *The Cheerful Letter*. It is indeed fitly named, as it is a pleasure to read it. I have only lately

received it, but I will be more than pleased to receive it and any other reading. I am a widow with one child, a boy of eleven years. I have poor health most of the time, unable to earn a living for myself and boy and buy reading. So you see any reading sent me will be appreciated, as we are both fond of reading. For myself I would like anything of Scott, Cary, or E. P. Roe's. My boy enjoys stories of hunting or of adventure, and, in fact, anything for boys. I have received a few magazines, and would be thankful for any good reading, and will pass it on to others. So, while the friends are helping me, they will also benefit others. Mrs. Hellen Howard, 402 Olive Street, Atlantic, Iowa.

Mrs. V. Leland Williams, Shelton, Mason County, Washington, asks for any or all the following books: "Tom Thumb's Trip around the World"; "Eight Cousins"; "War of Independence"; "Book of Cats and Dogs"; "Story Books for Babies"; "Home for the Holidays"; "Pictures of the World's Fair."

I am living alone, eight miles from town and two from post-office and half-mile from neighbors; and I get very lonely, and would be glad to get reading matter or letters. I am supplied with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Cheerful Letter*, but would be glad of any other magazines or novels. Ever yours gratefully, (Mrs.) Belle Blackey, Bessie, Minnesota.

Miss Annie L. Phillips, Holcomb's Rock, Bedford County, Virginia, is anxious to obtain a copy of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* for September, 1901.

Through the columns of *Cheerful Letter* I wish to thank the unknown friend who sent me a few sheets of music, without a name, some time ago. To know that I am thought of in a kind, friendly manner at various points far away is one of the luxuries of my life. I shall always be grateful to any one who will give me "The Bridge," words by Longfellow and music by Carew, and "Pass under the Rod." Both are old songs, and favorites of mine. I like music, but know only enough about it to play for my own pleasure. I have always wanted "Gospel Hymns," Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 combined, and "Gospel Hymns," Nos. 5 and 6

combined or separately. When I see them offered, I am so far away that my request never reaches the giver till they are sent off. My little brother often wishes for "Tom Thumb's Trip around the World." Miss Mattie E. Sale, Dellaplane, Wilkes County, North Carolina.

I wish to thank the kind friends for the nice reading they have sent me of late; and, if it is not asking too much, I would be glad of the books "Aurora" and "Janette," and a spelling for my little girl. Mrs. George Brown, Verano, Patrick County, Virginia.

Mrs. Clementine Staton, Eggtown, North Carolina, asks for religious reading.

Miss C. E. Jenks, Bedford, Mass., would be glad to obtain for a correspondent the *Century*, 1901, July to December.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—When cleaning house, if you have any novels and reading that you do not care to keep, I will be very thankful if you would please send some to me. I will pass them on, so that others may enjoy them also. Mrs. Mary Spellman, Bentonsport, Iowa.

Miss Ida Worden, Bentonsport, Iowa, would like to receive a "Speaker," or other reading for a girl of fifteen years.

Mrs. Mary L. Brown, Nettle Ridge, Virginia, would like to receive reading, and asks to have some sent also to Mrs. Tirpheny Boaz, Nettle Ridge, Virginia.

"The Lamplighter," "Haunted Hearts," "Watchman," by Marie Cummins; "Helen," by Maria Edgeworth, or any of Marion Harland's or E. P. Roe's books, are asked for by Mrs. C. E. Phillips, Pleasant View, Virginia.

Mrs. George N. Lawrence, Bowen, Montana, asks for reading for herself and her daughters. They live in the mountains far from the railroad.

Books or magazines are asked for by the following persons:—

Mrs. Arranna Moore, Reuben, North Carolina; Mrs. J. M. Kendrick, Taylorsburg, Virginia; Miss Rosa Harrington (twelve years old), Knott's Store, North Carolina.

Miss Lula B. Bailey, Tola, Charlotte County, Virginia, would be glad of any good

books, the *Ladies' Home Journal* and *Success* for 1902, any of Hugo, E. P. Roe, Opie Read, etc. Would also be very grateful for the *Life of Lincoln*, D. L. Moody, Aaron Burr, Napoleon, and any of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's books, especially "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Any of the above-named books will be lent out to others who are not able to buy books. There is a small library started at a graded school near here. The library consists of about thirty books; and the people can't afford to buy more for it, and a good library is so much needed. Any one willing to send a book to this library can just address it, Bethel School Library, Tola, Charlotte County, Virginia.

Mr. James L. Pearson, Moravian Falls, North Carolina, is anxious to study shorthand, and asks for a text-book of the Pitman system.

The following persons would like to receive "Pickwick Papers": Mrs. H. C. Martin, Box 94, Vinton, Virginia. Mrs. Alonzo Bibb, Pleasant View, Virginia. Mr. D. Nance, Reuben, North Carolina.

Mrs. Flora Dillon, Osage, Patrick County, Virginia, asks for Maury's "Geography" for her little girl.

FORD OF HICKORY, LAFOLLETTE, TENNESSEE.
R. F. D. No. 4, March 4, 1902.

Well, I suppose you have forgotten me; but I am yet alive, and am very much improved in health since I last wrote you from Pine Mountain, Tennessee. I want to thank all the kind friends for their favors to me. I have had books and papers from a number of good friends, and it has been read and reread until it could be read no more; and many people have not only enjoyed it, but been blessed and helped by it. We have quite a library now, and the young folks enjoy the privilege of reading and appreciate it. We have had many magazines and papers that we did not have the name of sender. So we here thank them for the favors. There is yet room for books for the library, and papers, magazines, and tracts for individual reading. I receive *The Cheerful Letter* regularly, and could not well do without it. May the All-Father bless its faithful editor and all connected therewith. Our old office (Pine Mountain) is discontinued, and all mail for

me should be addressed to Lafollette, Campbell County, Tennessee, R. F. D. No. 4, which will bring it to us daily.

Thankfully yours,
Dr. J. F. CAMPBELL.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, 26 Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.]

OTHER PEOPLE'S BIRTHDAYS.

There is danger that where so much is done to amuse children and make them happy that they will grow up selfish and exacting. Here is one of the defects of our American training. Everything is made so pleasant and easy for our young people that they take it for granted that the world was made principally that they might have a good time in it, but never feel the least responsibility about making a good time for anybody else. Even the path to the school-room is made so smooth that they feel impatient and almost angry when they encounter a real difficulty. They actually do not practise self-denial enough themselves to appreciate it in other people. The last year's bonnet and worn glove-tips of the returned missionary lady awaken only a good-natured contempt in the mind of the thoughtless girl whose mother has never allowed her to look shabby, and who thinks, if anybody else does, it is because they don't know any better.

Our American life tends in this direction. To get all the enjoyment possible out of life without very much thought whether anybody else gets any pleasure or comfort in return is the mainspring of too many lives. We need to watch ourselves lest, in our desire to give our children a sunny childhood, we forget to teach them how to make other people's lives sunny. Always to receive and never to give is as bad for children as for grown people. To be sure, there is not much they can do, and what they can is worth very little in itself; but, just because it develops a generous thoughtfulness for others, encourage them in all their little plans for other people's pleasure. Children are naturally generous, and delight to make and give presents until they see their gifts considered as rubbish. Probably they are,

but a great deal of love can be put into very common things. You keep their birthdays. Encourage them to remember the birthdays of the older members of the family, even if their celebrations are troublesome and their presents useless. In the family festivals let them have something to do for somebody else. Do not let all the doing always be on your side.—*Mary Blake, in Twenty-six Hours a Day.*

I read with interest your correspondence on the "Affection in the Family," and I will give a few of my personal convictions which, I assure you, are not based on one family alone. I unhesitatingly take the position that we should teach the younger child or children (as you see the case will soon be) to submit to the commands or desires of the elder. Follow this plan on up to grown people with those children, and you see there will be no change to make; but, alas! follow the opposite up the pathway of childhood for a while, and, when Alma gets to be ten years old, Kittie is six, and Ralph four. Kittie is made to give way to Ralph's childish ideas, while Alma sees at once this is not right. Well, look at it from another standpoint, then. Kittie wants to go out this rainy day. Alma says, "No, it is too rainy to-day." While Kittie is made to comply with Alma's decision, Ralph takes a childish lesson by it (the two being against him), and thereby learns a lesson. Farther, I, being the wife of a physician of fifteen years' practice (who by his intimate association with and opportunity for seeking into the hearts of all kinds of families, high, low, rich, and poor, thereby giving him ample room for extensive observation on this home topic), have his convictions, in which he very firmly argues that the more childish ideas of the lesser members of the hearth should be set aside for the more mature ones, of those larger and older, thereby instilling into the minds of those the most lasting impressions to honor our superiors. Then, again, you will note this fact: that, if you make the older give way to the younger, it is to do every day,—nay, possibly a dozen times a day, and it seems that there is to be no end to it; while, if it is the opposite, the little one (Ralph, for instance) will soon learn that he has to comply with older ones' wishes, and eventually give way to the

terms, and of a certainty be a better child. And right here I would like to give my observations as to the cause of so many bad children, which is nothing but loss of confidence in the parents and the want of punctuality on the part of promising the children something. If it is a knife, a doll, or even a whipping, it should be given with as much care as if it was a legal contract with a neighbor. Oh, the times I hear, "John, go get me some stove wood," and the mother resume conversation, forget John and the stove wood, and, I assure you, John will forget it, or "Jennie, pick up that bonnet and hang on the nail," forget the bonnet nail and all, while Jennie forgets it, too. Well, as the children grow up, they lose confidence in their parents on those little things. Hence they will look for this looseness in more important things, and of course see them. So it goes until they are grown up people, losing confidence in each other. I hope this will be interesting to some one; and, if it escapes that awful *waste-basket*, I will write again. Success to the good *Cheerful Letter* and club.

Respectfully,
MRS. G. E. FLOWERS.

NATURAL HISTORY.

RAMBLING SKETCH OF ALGÆ HUNTING.

I have found a use for fair, still mornings. Will you follow me, and see what I have discovered worthy of devoting stray bits of leisure to?

I hurry down the bluff, and reach the river. On the slimy rocks is a beautiful alga. How it is beaten about, and how tenacious its hold! I pluck off here a pretty bit, and there another; but it clings wet and limp to my fingers, with a very different appearance from that presented when spread and animated by the dashing water. In the pools below long ropes of it float, two or three feet in length. This is my favorite alga, partly because of its exceeding variety in shape, its grace, its rich color and its robustness, so to speak, which will endure rough handling, partly because of its *habitat*,—its love of rushing water. I think the color varies with the amount and force of the water current it is growing in. How deep the green of this mat growing on a rock completely sub-

merged, and how tawny the tint of this that is only wet by fine though constant spray! How different the specimens are! Is the difference one of species or merely growth? One can almost grade specimens from the most compact in form to a stringy tuft. Floating, or submerged and clinging to weed stems are clots of slime and mud, which exhibit a certain beauty in their peculiar tint.

Here is another kind floating from the pebbles, and looking like irregular bladders, composed of delicate light green membranes. Here are snails,—“algæ snails” I call them, for with some kind of growth they are always coated, one kind looking like a delicate vine. How curious to see the snails crawling along with these pretty tufts in delicate motion or floating downward with the current!

Passing on, I leave the common and despised slime, and cross the river to wade back toward the dam. Here is a stagnant pool full of luxuriant growth: that at the bottom seems different from that on the surface. It lifts in long, thick strings. How even the growth! The roots at the base appear to be knit together strongly, and the upward growth spreads fanlike from side to side. Most interesting of all, *it is in fruit!* This shallow, clear water, “where the netted sunbeams dance,” is a nice collecting ground. Here float beautiful vines from all the pebbles. I wonder if the little vines on the snails can be the same, stunted, perhaps, by their situation.

Now let us venture a little way into the mat of weeds. Two summers ago the fairies hung exquisite green-netted seines from these weeds; but, vain search, they have not yet repeated the experiment. The curious nets of *Hydrodictyon* have ever since remained as invisible as the fairies. With a sigh we turn reluctantly, but wearily, homeward.

K. P.

To persons who live near the seacoast the delicacy and beauty of marine algæ—popularly called sea mosses—is well known. But not every one is aware that fresh-water streams, ponds, and pools produce forms as beautiful and delicate as those of the sea. They have no common popular name, and are less numerous in species than the sea-mosses, which many of them resemble in substance and color. These fresh-water

algæ are worth knowing, and offer much pleasure in their collection and study.

The pretty little unicellular alga which makes the red snow that created so much interest in the account of Captain Ross's expedition to the arctic seas in 1819 was found last June in the snow on the peaks of the Wasatch range of mountains. It is known to botanists as *Protococcus nivalis*. It increases with remarkable rapidity when it once begins to grow, and makes patches in the snow as red as blood. It is especially interesting as showing at how low a temperature some plants may live and thrive.—*Independent*.

— From “Little Unity.”

SOCIAL LIFE IN PERSIA.

A man's social life in Persia begins with sunrise, after he has had his early cup of coffee or tea, has said his morning prayer, and issued from the auderoon, or woman's apartments, where he invariably lives from the dinner hour at sunset until morning with some one of his wives. Social life in that country gives place at twilight to domestic life. There is, of course, no visiting after dark, the whole city retiring, as it were, to the auderoon, and the streets becoming deserted except by the dogs and an occasional policeman.

The dry, steady, and extreme heat which prevails a good part of the year, although not unhealthy, obliges the people to rise early and rest in the middle of the day. Business is therefore transacted, or visits are made, before ten in the morning and after three in the afternoon. A certain amount of sociality is customary in purely business transactions: the more important the business, the greater the etiquette observed. Refreshments are served, and honeyed phrases about health and wealth precede and follow the business discussion. But it is when purely social visits are to be paid and received that one sees to its full extent the wonderful and really burdensome elaboration of social ceremonies in Persia,—ceremonies which take one back to the time of Darius. Much as we may laugh at them here in our simpler, democratic, and less polished circles, yet one cannot

afford to despise them who would maintain his position and enlarge his influence in that country. Therefore, while I was resident in that country, I was always extremely careful to ascertain and to respect every social custom, and to proceed according to the rank of my guest or host. To offend on these points was to hinder or defeat the purposes for which I was there.

When a visit is to be paid, whether official or friendly, it is customary to give notice. If the guest and the host are of high and equal rank, the notice is in writing, and is acknowledged in the same way. When the visitor outranks the host, notice is simply verbal, taken by a secretary, and, according to the relative rank of the host, may be the day before, or simply a few hours, or even less.

Custom requires that they should go in a style not only suited to his own rank, but to that of the host. Thus he may be attended by a large mounted retinue of servants, or simply with one or two. As he approaches the mansion of the host, he is met by a mounted servant, who at once returns to the house with all speed and announces his coming. On dismounting, the visitor is escorted through the grounds by a file of servants, whose number is proportioned to his rank. He is received by the host according to their relative social position, either at the outer steps, at the inner door, in the middle of the reception-room, or at the divan where the host may be standing or may even remain sitting. For the host to offend by not going far enough to meet his visitor is an unpardonable affront, while for him to advance too far is to lower himself to a point from which he cannot well recover. The same system is followed in the matter of sitting, those of equal rank occupying seats equidistant from the door. But, be it host or guest, each one present, whether there be one guest or a dozen, must all know their places, and must carefully avoid taking a seat higher than belongs to them, even when urged to do so in the most strenuous manner.

After the guest is seated, he exchanges bows with the host, and then bows to every other visitor or member of the family who may be present, each in turn according to his rank. Certain formal compliments are then exchanged; and conversation begins,

aided by refreshments. The Persians are more quick, lively, and vivacious than the Turks, although by no means the superiors of the latter in any other respect; and hence, while a formal visit cannot be well under one to two hours in length, it is generally quite entertaining. Social questions, literature, philosophy, ethics, and art are discussed with fluency and intelligence, often relieved by recitations from the poets or humorous anecdotes and jests.

The serving of refreshments on visits of ceremony is according to prescribed order that long fixed custom has rigidly ordained. Its character on every occasion depends on the relative rank of the parties concerned, and somewhat, also, on the season. In the warm season cooling beverages take the place of some of the hot drinks. As a general rule, supposing guest and host to be of equal rank, sherbets, tea, and pipes are alternately served. Coffee is served last, and is brought in by the distinctly uttered order of the host. This is understood to be a signal for the visit to terminate; and the guest, after the tiny cup of black coffee is drunk, gravely bows, expresses his pleasure at the courtesousness of his reception, and requests permission to depart. He is attended to the door by the host precisely to the same point where he was received, but not a step farther.

It may be added that the refreshments are served by as many servants in stocking feet as there are individuals present of equal rank, and are presented to each at the same identical moment. Those of lower rank are then served according to their social position. The servants must invariably retire backward. When the sons, grandsons, or brothers of the host are present, they sit in a row below him, according to their ages. One fact a European must never forget on such occasions: a Persian very rarely alludes to his wives when conversing with gentlemen, and it is an unspeakable affront for the guest to ask after their health or to leave them his compliments.—*From the Christian Register.*

In humblest guise to do the greatest service betokens the heavenly temper. And if we have not that temper, and cannot discern its dignity and beauty, it is only by being born from above that we can see it or enter into it.—*James Drummond.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[Contributions to this column may be sent to Miss K. C. Porter, 22 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.]

I.

False Comparatives.

Example: Positive, a boy. Comparative, a portable frame for ascending or descending.

1. Positive, a want. Comparative, a fine varnish.

2. Positive, a salutation. Comparative, an arbor.

3. Positive, a kind of meat. Comparative, a carpenter's tool.

4. Positive, a body of water. Comparative, to consider.

5. Positive, an uproar. Comparative, a hearty meal.

6. Positive, to slide. Comparative, a foot covering.

(St. Nicholas.)

II.

Divided Poets.

1. To shiver and a weapon.

2. Parched and a lair.

3. An animal and the sound made by another animal.

4. A body of water and to study.

5. A small piece of money and a large weight.

6. A kind of fuel and a mountain chain.

7. A metal and a worker in metals.

8. Expressed thoughts and value.

III.

Charades.

My first is something of which only man, alligators, serpents, and cats are capable.

My second is common to three of the above-named creatures.

My third is a short railway.

My whole is the only thing man has created.

(St. Nicholas.)

IV.

Misplaced Numbers.

Rearrange the numbers given in the column in such a way that, reading by sound, one or more words may be formed. For instance, when the figure 1, now placed before the syllable "pins," is changed and placed before the syllable "der," the word "wonder" will be formed. What are the remaining words?

9-wist

6-on

2-tell

80-tor

8-ply

10-cup

3-der

4-pell

1-pins

(St. Nicholas.)

V.

Riddles.

I'm sometimes long, and sometimes round.

My native place is in the ground.

I wear a coat of royal red.

To little folks I am a dread.

'Tis not because of strength or might,

It's worse than that: I sometimes bite.

(St. Nicholas.)

Answers to Puzzles in April Number.

I.

1. "As You Like It."

2. "Much Ado about Nothing."

3. "All's Well that Ends Well."

4. "Measure for Measure."

5. "A Comedy of Errors."

6. "Hamlet."

7. "Twelfth Night."

8. "Love's Labor's Lost."

9. "The Merchant of Venice."

10. "The Tempest."

II.

Deadly nightshade.

III.

Anagrams.

1. James Russell Lowell.

2. Charles Dickens.

3. Alfred Tennyson.

4. Alfred Austin.

5. William Makepeace Thackeray.

6. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

IV.

Note.

V.

Saw.

Life does not come to us all at one time: it comes only a day at a time. Even tomorrow is never ours till it becomes to-day, and we have nothing whatever to do with it but to pass down to it a fair and a good inheritance in to-day's work well done and to-day's life well lived.—*British Weekly.*

THE CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE.

OBJECTS.

1. To cheer and comfort the lonely and discouraged—not only invalids, but all who need cheer and comfort—by the interchange of letters and by gifts of books and periodicals.

2. To supply in some measure to young people in remote places the lack of schools, by gifts of school-books, letters, and, for those who desire it, correspondence classes on history, the natural sciences, and other interesting branches of study. If any desire to join such classes, they may send their names to our secretary.

3. Also to supply, to some extent, the lack of a church. One good sermon or sermon extract is printed in each number of the paper. These sermons are never doctrinal, but practical, and intended to cheer and comfort the sorrowful and aid in giving a vital religion without regard to sect or creed.

4. An important part of our mission is to mothers of young families, who feel the importance of their sacred charge and are anxious to learn all that can be known to make of their children good, upright, useful men and women,—good citizens of the country,—for which we must all work together if we would make it fulfil its mission among the nations of the world and to the races of mankind. We give books on subjects connected with the training of children, and our columns are open (in our "Mothers' Council") to all who have questions to ask or interesting suggestions to make on topics important to mothers.

TRAVELLING LIBRARIES.

The Travelling Libraries have now become an important part of Cheerful Letter work. In order that this department may be thoroughly organized and systematized, Miss Louise Brown, 79 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass., has kindly consented to take it in charge. Will those interested in these libraries, and desiring information, kindly address Miss Brown as above?

Kindly send subscriptions to the Treasurer, not to the Editor.

A LETTER.

Dear Cheerful Letter Friends,—I wish to express my thanks to you for your kindness shown me. For some time I have been thinking of writing to you, but something has prevented my doing so. I also wanted to write you concerning my dear mother and how she enjoyed the reading which was sent her from time to time, while she was with us. She died last June, leaving me to attend the household duties and keep the home together. I have five brothers, one of which is married. With the exception of one, they are older than myself, and all are hard-working boys.

Kind friends, once more I thank you for the sunshine you have brought to us in the past few years. Mother found a world of her own when she became acquainted with the Cheerful Letter friends, as oftentimes she was obliged to stay at home and take care of the little ones.

I know that, if she could speak now, it would be of the comfort brought her through these pages.

Sincerely yours,

(Miss) Lyla E. Deuel,

South Trenton, Oneida County,

Box 76.

New York.

DIRECTIONS.

EDITOR,—Miss L. Freeman Clarke, 91 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Miss Bertha Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

SECRETARY OF BOOK CLUB OF CHEERFUL LETTER EXCHANGE,—Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.

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